



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

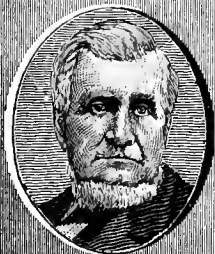
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of the Young

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

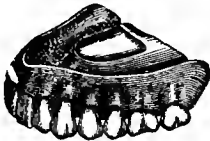
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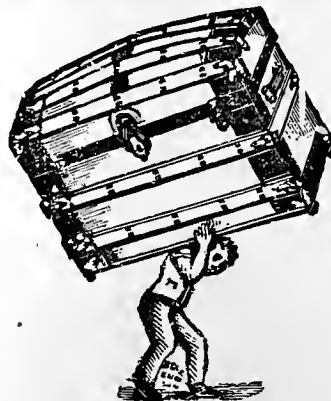
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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No. 1.

JAPAN.

MUCH attention is directed toward China and Japan at the present time owing to their recent strife, and particularly toward the latter country on account of her victory.

ing to what is supposed to be the most correct the empire is about one and one fourth times the size of Great Britain. Many of the islands are barren rocks and uninhabitable; they, however, form fine bays and harbors, but as the rocks



JAPANESE BED AND OCCUPANT.

Japan consists of numerous small islands lying off the eastern coast of Asia. There is said to be over three thousand of these in all. No correct idea of the size of the Japanese Empire has yet been attained owing to the inaccurate surveys of the islands, but accord-

themselves are dangerous, lighthouses are necessary, and are found in abundance. The lighthouse system is excellent and is maintained by the government.

Japan is a mountainous country and has a great many volcanoes, some ex-

inct but many active. Fuji-san, once very active though now believed to be extinct, is the most noted. It is somewhat over twelve thousand feet high and has a crater five hundred feet deep. This mountain is held sacred by the natives. Every summer thousands of white clad pilgrims, who have performed certain religious ceremonies for the purpose of sanctification, ascend to the summit, striving to reach that point immediately before sunrise, and then chant hymns and offer sacrifices to the "sun goddess," and receive rewards for their zeal. This mountain can be seen from thirteen different provinces, and is visible far out at sea.

There are many rivers and lakes in Japan, but they are not particularly noted except for their great beauty. Biwa Lake is the largest, being fifty miles long and twenty miles wide. According to the Japanese legend, this was formed by a terrific earthquake, which at the same time raised the mountain Fuji-san.

Traveling in Japan is delightful, particularly during the months of April and September, for then one escapes the cold of winter, the heat of summer, and the dreadful wind storms which occur semi-annually. The roads are extensive and well kept, and pass through most beautiful scenery. Hills clad in verdure, large shade trees, sparkling streams and peaceful lakes attract the eye of a traveler as he rides along. The conveyances are unique, but are not very comfortable nor strong. A traveler may hire a small wagon or a two-wheeled vehicle drawn by coolies. One can travel very rapidly in one of these *jinkishi* as they are called. They also have a basket chair attached to two long poles and carried by the natives. For mountain climbing there are heavy cars

drawn by bullocks, and small sturdy pack horses.

The hire for horses and vehicles is fixed by law. There are stations along the roads where conveyances may be obtained, and also inns where you may be accommodated with food and lodging. A little book may be bought for a small sum containing a complete list of the stations and inns on the way, and also general information concerning expenses, names of places, points of interest, distances, etc.

Naturally the climate varies greatly in different parts of the empire on account of the length of the chain of islands. In the northern regions it is extremely cold and the mountains are always covered with snow, while in the southern islands the climate is almost tropical.

Slight earthquakes are frequent, and some very severe ones have occurred in the past by which great damage has been done.

Japan is not a very rich country, but copper and silver are found in greater abundance than any other metals. Gold, lead, tin, and iron are found in small quantities.

The people of Japan are energetic and intelligent. Education is esteemed very highly and is compulsory. The country is filled with public schools of different grades, where the charges are so light that the poorest classes are able to receive fairly good educations. The school buildings are the pride of the cities and villages. Among the better classes learning is pursued to a greater extent, and many young men are sent to Europe and America to receive foreign instruction. It is a well known fact that these students do well in our colleges, and upon returning to their native land many honors are conferred

upon them by their countrymen. There are a great many libraries in Japan containing foreign as well as national literary works. The current magazines of all countries can be obtained from them. Newspapers are published regularly throughout the empire and are exceedingly cheap. The reading rooms are always open to the public, and books may be hired for a small sum. There are libraries containing many valuable books, in connection with all their temples.

The Japanese drama is very peculiar. The plays are historical, and are long drawn out, lasting from sunrise till sunset. The actors are all males except those in the ballet, and although they receive excellent salaries, and are very popular, they are not allowed to move in good society. The higher classes of people are never seen at the theatre but actors are often hired to play at private houses, and in the court theatre of the mikado.

In olden times and even up to the present century a feudal system existed in the country. The nobles lived in their castles built on heights and fortified by walls, trenches and embankments, while near them were the smaller dwellings of their subjects. The ruins of many of the castles may be seen at the present time, some of them well preserved.

The Japanese houses are well built, usually of two stories, with tiled roofs, and having narrow verandas extending around them, which can be closed in at night or during stormy weather by "rain doors." The interior of a dwelling is divided off into various apartments by sliding doors and panels of hard wood. In the homes of the wealthy, silken draperies and screens and art works are found. A niche in one end of the room

is filled with curios and ornaments. The beds, like the one shown in the illustration are made with mats laid on the floor and a wooden headrest for a pillow.

Japanese art work is decidedly not artistic from our point of view, but some features of it are admirable. Lacquer work or Japanning is the coating of wood and metals with a varnish made from the gum of trees dissolved in turpentine and oil. This is very durable, and gives that peculiar lustre to all Japanese ornaments of wood and metal. Their pictures of birds, etc., are grotesque and all out of proportion. They seem to have no idea of perspective.

The Japanese believe in obeying the mikado implicitly, following the dictates of their own hearts, and worshipping the gods. The religions are *Shinto*, meaning "the way of the gods," Buddhism and Confucianism. Christianity is no longer prohibited and is gaining a foothold in the country.

The women of Japan are not treated with the respect one would wish to see, still their condition is being bettered continually, but it will take a long time yet for them to obtain the privileges enjoyed by the men. Sir Edwin Arnold aptly describes their condition as follows:

"The Japanese women belong throughout their career to some man or other—first their father, next their eldest brother, afterwards their husband and his male relations. They hardly ever hold property, since the family is perpetuated along the male line only, and the real and personal estates pass to the boys. They have little or no voice in choosing their husbands, yet take one they must before they are twenty years old, but that husband, whom they have not wanted, has an almost unquestion-

able right to divorce his wife upon the smallest reason or for none at all. Out of 500 marriages, 200 at least end in some sad and capricious separation; for the husband can get rid of his wife on the ground of too much gossiping or because of disagreement with the mother-in-law; and the worst of it is that the children afterward belong to him exclusively."

The empress and princesses have adopted the western mode of dress, and are being followed by many ladies of fashion.

In the country women are compelled to work in the fields with the men. Often there is such poverty in rural districts that the people cannot afford to eat of the rice which they raise, but live upon the millet and barley. Their farming implements are very crude and often they do not own a horse or an ox to assist them, thus making their labors doubly difficult.

There is much doubt as to the origin of this people, but owing to the similarity of the Corean and Japanese languages, many believe that these two nations were at one time closely related. No reliance can be placed on their own histories of the country since they are little more than mythological tales and legends.

Railroads, telephones and telegraphs are being extended across the country. The old empire is slowly but surely giving way to a democratic form of government. The Japanese are progressing rapidly toward a high state of civilization and are admired and respected by the people of all western nations, by none more than the Americans. *R.A.C.*

FRIENDSHIPS born in misfortune are more firm and lasting than those formed in prosperity.

A TYPICAL CASE.

I.

IN a large, well-lighted room attached to the office of one of the leading physicians of San Francisco, half a dozen men were engaged in earnest consultation. In their midst stood a young man, bared to the waist, broad-shouldered and sinewy, his finely modeled head crowned with brown hair burnished with bronze lights where the sunlight touched it. In his face intellectual power blended with youthful fire. He might almost have posed for a copy of the Apollo Belvidere, had it not been for one fatal defect: a hollowing of the chest just above the breast, a fault of structure in striking contrast to his otherwise robust frame.

"Heredity set her seal there!" remarked one of the older men, touching this hollow with the tips of his fingers.

The others assented with one voice. Indeed, a cheerful tone of good humor pervaded the group, for concerning this case they had arrived at a unity of opinion gratifying to their professional judgment. There was a distinct note of triumph in the voice of the elder man, Elliott, the prominent practitioner in whose rooms the examination had been made.

"A splendid physique. The muscles of an athlete. Every organ in perfect condition save one. The entire difficulty lies in the upper portion of the right lung, and is making rapid progress. The cough, at first slight and dry, is now deep and racking. There is a frequent recurrence of a short and stitch-like pain in the chest, respiration is somewhat affected, and the patient labors for breath upon slight exertion. The pulse is accelerated, and the heat of the body several degrees above the normal temperature. The digestion is as yet unim-

paired, but the patient has experienced slight chills, followed by night sweats. So far, there is not a single complication, and the disease bids fair to progress to its termination without involving any other organ. Gentlemen, this is a typical case of phthisis pulmonalis, and as pretty a one as it has ever been my fortune to see."

"And as perfect in its history as in its development," remarked another of the physicians, with enthusiasm. "I think you told me there was consumption on both sides, Doc?"

The subject of these remarks, whose fraternity with the profession and his inquisitors was declared by this familiar address, answered the inquiry with the same promptitude and exactness which had marked his replies to those preceding it. It might almost be asserted that he seemed to regard the case with a professional interest no less keen than that of the consulting physicians, although an alert look, an intent expectancy manifest in the earlier stages of the examination, declared a more personal interest.

"My mother died of the disease within a year after my birth. My father was killed in battle, but he came of a consumptive family, and would no doubt have shared the fate of the rest if accident had not cut short his life," was the quiet reply.

"And you lived on in that confounded climate, a very hot bed for those who carry the germs of this disease in their bodies, until you came to manhood and you went to college, and led the sedentary life of a student, and over-studied and kept late hours, and never gave nature a chance to get the better of her handicap, until you broke down, two years ago," said one of the younger men, who knew something of the pre-

vious life of Norwood, the young fellow under fire.

"I don't know about the over study, Belknap," returned Norwood pleasantly.

"I suppose it might have been better to have led more of an outdoor life, or to have looked sooner for a remedy."

"And then you went to Salt Lake City to begin practice. And just as you were beginning to mend, and could count yourself a sound man once more, you picked up Saffron, your consumptive patient. And Saffron's wife, whose nerves fly to pieces every time Saffron is short of breath or fails to devour his usual ration of beefsteak and mince pie, sent for you in rain, and wind, and fog, and routed you out of your bed betimes from midnight to dawn, and you obediently raced across the city at her bidding, and went into her hot, stuffy rooms when chilled and out of breath, then out again, perspiring at every pore, into the cold, and rain, and fog. Oh, you took fine care of yourself, Norwood. And there's Saffron now, good for twenty years yet; while your case——"

"Is of the galloping kind!" supplied Norwood, coolly. "Well, gentlemen, if you have rapped the walls of my chest to your hearts' content, and located all the cavities and lesions, I'd better get back into my clothes and be off to my office. I think it's probable there's a call from Saffron on my tablet."

He shivered slightly, and there was a blue look about his lips, but he spoke with perfect composure and smiled as carelessly as if the clinic had been held, for his idle amusement and the subject of diagnosis had been a sore finger instead of a matter of life and death. He spoke quite as carelessly, and there was no tremor in his voice when he put a brief inquiry to the senior physician:

"How much time do you give me, Elliott?"

"Six months or so. A year at most."

"And then the grave or crematory," jested the youth.

"Norwood, you have a superb skeleton. I never saw finer proportions or neater articulation. If I could have it to use in my anatomical demonstrations, I'd wire it together with gold," interposed another, who held the chair of anatomy in a medical college.

"A proud destiny for my poor bones," laughed Norwood. "It's worth considering, Doctor. Perhaps I'll remember you in my will. Good day, gentlemen."

In spite of their good-humored exchange of raillery and banter, there were some who looked after the young man with a touch of regret, but there was no formal expression of sympathy or condolence. When men daily stand face to face with death, and the decay of the body becomes a matter of nice chemical calculation, the tragedy of dissolution loses its acute shock, except in the case of near and dear friends.

At the door of the outer office the young man found one of the doctors awaiting him, Leonard, a gray haired man of modest manner and no great reputation, who had had little or nothing to say during the progress of the consultation. He extended his hand and took Norwood's in a close grasp.

"Norwood, you are a young man. Don't give up. Try the Vernal hills."

Norwood made no reply, but returning the pressure of the wrinkled, old hand, hastened down the steps and into the street.

When a man is condemned to death by due process of the law, it is the custom for the Press to set a watch over

all his movements and to report the minutest details of his daily life for the entertainment of a deeply concerned public. No such account is made of the actions and manifestations of the honest and inoffensive citizen whose death warrant is read in the processes of nature, or would the public at large be interested in their perusal. Norwood went out upon the street and mingled with a crowd differing as greatly in outward aspect and inward character as did the currents of destiny that bore them onward. Now and then he exchanged an indifferent salutation with an acquaintance. Once he was hailed by a genial young fellow, who invited him to join a yachting party on the morrow.

"Thank you. I shall be too busy," he replied.

The young man who had extended the invitation rejoined his companion with undisguised vexation.

"Norwood is coining money, they say. No time or thought for anything outside his practice," he said, resentfully.

At his office Norwood found a call to a strange number in an adjoining street.

He hastened to the place, a dreary looking building that bore a placard of "Rooms to let," was taken through a dark passage to miserable barracks in the rear, and found a little child suffering from a severe attack of cholera infantum.

"I should have been called before," said the young doctor gravely.

The mother hung her head. Norwood looked around the shabby apartment with its scant furniture, and understood.

"But we will save him. It is not too late," he added encouragingly.

For a couple of hours he worked over the child and at length had the satisfac-

tion of seeing the little one's distress allayed, as it passed into a natural sleep, chief of all nature's healing agencies. He arose to go.

The woman gratefully took out a little worn leather purse.

Norwood gently pushed away her hand.

"No. When times are better with you, do some small service for somebody else. I will look n again in the morning."

It was growing dark when he went out into the street. Over his telephone came a frantic call from Saffron's wife. He ran into a restaurant, snatched a cup of coffee, ordered a nourishing meal sent to the mother of the sick child, then jumped aboard a cable car bound westward. A cool breeze was blowing, and a man who had stepped out upon the front platform to enjoy a smoke opened the door every few seconds to exchange confidences with some ladies in the car, who appeared to be nominally under his escort. The sudden draughts and violent currents set Norwood to coughing. The ladies, one a young matron and the other an elderly woman, looked at him with solicitude and exchanged audible comments not exhilarating in character. Norwood stepped out on the dummy and breasted the keen trade wind until the lights of the Saffron mansion came in sight.

Saffron was propped up in an easy chair, his body swathed in blankets and his feet in hot water. A couple of domestics danced attendance upon him and his wife hung tearfully over him.

"It came on during dessert, just as he finished his pudding and was helping himself to the blanched almonds," explained poor little Mrs. Saffron.

"A terrible pain about the umbil—umbil——"

"Cardiac region!" corrected Saffron.

"Oh, yes, the cardiac region, Doctor. And he coughed frightfully. Do it again just once, softly, dear that he may hear."

Saffron coughed, a strong, masterful, hollow cough. He looked at the doctor appealingly, and the doctor looked back at him, great, pampered, over-fed, luxurious invalid, with the appetite of an ostrich and a digestion second only to that of the same rapacious bird.

"I will leave these remedies, Mrs. Saffron," said Norwood, taking a bottle and some powders from his case. "Please see that he takes them regularly for the next twenty-four hours. Meanwhile," here Saffron gave him an imploring glance, which Norwood sternly denied, "he will have to go on a strict diet."

There were some instructions to give on this latter score. When he had concluded, Norwood arose to take leave.

"I am going away for a while," he remarked. Meantime if you are satisfied, I will turn you over to Dr. Belknap. He lives only a few blocks away," he added, wondering what Belknap would say when he found himself in possession of this legacy.

Saffron whimpered something about the hardship of perpetually changing physicians, and just as you had grown used to one man's set of drugs, having to break into another's. Mrs. Saffron was in despair.

"I don't know what I shall do without you, doctor, I have such confidence in you," she said simply, and her look of anxiety as she turned to the selfish invalid, was pitiful to see.

"I'm glad I have no wife or child to worry over me," was Norwood's consoling reflection as he bowed himself out of the room. At the door he looked back. Mrs. Saffron was kneeling by her hus-

band's side, with her cheek pressed against his and her arm round his neck. Something seemed to clutch at Norwood's heart.

He started to walk back to town. On the summit of Pacific Heights he hesitated before a large house retired from the street behind a hedge of scarlet geraniums, its porch wreathed in vines. The lower rooms were brightly lighted, and an air of home-like cheer and comfort seemed to radiate from it.

He loitered at the foot of the steps leading from the street to the grounds.

"I will write, instead," he said to himself.

There was a burst of music within; the sound of a girl's sweet voice raised in song. Norwood folded his arms and listened.

"It would be better to write," he said.

The song ceased. As if led by some invisible hand, he slowly ascended the steps and stood at the door.

Mary Wentworth met him.

"You are late," she said.

"A habit of the profession."

His voice sounded weak and strained. She darted a look at his face.

"You are tired. Something has gone wrong. How is your cough?"

"My cough?" he repeated gaily. "My cough is flourishing—booming!"

Again she darted at him the same keen, suspicious look. This time she shivered.

"Come into the library. It is cold tonight. We have a fire there."

The cheerful home scene which the opening of the door disclosed was good to see: a large, prettily-furnished, brightly-lighted room; a fire glowing in the open grate; two younger sisters chatting with some visiting friends; the widowed mother in an easy chair beside the hearth, a late magazine open in her

lap. All greeted Norwood cordially, and he met them with lively quip and repartee. To all appearances he had never been in higher spirits.

The evening passed quickly and merrily. One by one the visitors took their leave, the company dissolved, leaving Mary Wentworth and Norwood alone. This quiet leave taking, snatched at the end of a gay evening, had been growing very dear to them both, but this night they were ill at ease.

Norwood put out his hand.

"Mary, good-by."

"Why not 'good night?'" she asked, and her voice sounded low and distant.

"Because I am going away."

"To remain?"

"To remain—indefinitely."

There was not a tremor or thrill in the little hand he held, but he felt it suddenly chill within his grasp. He loosened his hold upon it, and it fell lifelessly by her side. He went on slowly, apathetically, like a man who recounts a tale in which he has no part.

"I'm a dead man, Mary: tried and condemned by a jury of my peers; just as much a dead man as the murderer who sits in his cell in the county jail and counts the minutes that intervene between this night and Friday noon, when he will march to the scaffold. The law mercifully executes its sentence upon him at a given date. Nature prolongs mine with a cruel uncertainty. It may be enforced tomorrow. It may be deferred for six months—a year. But she will execute it with as deadly precision. For him there may be some appeal, some escape. For me there is none."

He was seized with a severe paroxysm of coughing, as he ceased speaking. He seemed exhausted by it and labored for breath. Mary Wentworth witnessed

it in silence. No simplest words of conventional regret escaped her lips.

He went on flippantly, recklessly:

"We have a way, in the profession, of sending troublesome patients away where they may die decently, out of sight. I received my decree of banishment today. I'm off for the Vernal Hills: you know the place, a hundred miles from Nowhere. Good-by."

He did not attempt to take her hand again. He did not look into her face, her downcast face, which was all in shadow. Instead, he let himself out of the door, closed it very softly behind him, and passed down the walk with a firm, determined tread.

At the gate he paused and viewed the scene spread out before him. Below him lay the city, bathed in moonlight, in the distance. The great city, with her measureless needs, her glorious possibilities, her sublime opportunities for lives of usefulness and noble activity.

For many minutes he viewed the scene. Then he flung his arms over one of the stone posts and laid his face upon them.

In a darkened upper room of the house he had left, a girl knelt before a window and watched him, with a breaking heart.

Flora Haines Loughhead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

READ nothing that you do not care to remember, and remember nothing you do not mean to use.

READING furnishes us only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours.

REAL happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly we pay for its counterfeit!

HOW OTHERS HAVE RISEN.

Orson Smith, President of Cache Stake of Zion.

BORN in the State of Iowa, near what is now known as Council Bluffs, July 4th, 1853, the subject of this sketch has been closely identified with the settlement and growth of Utah. Among my earliest recollections are incidents of "The Move" of 1857. All the earthly belongings of my parents and another family were hauled upon that memorable journey southward, with a cow and an ox for a team. That winter was spent at what was known as Cheney's Ranch, in Juab County. I distinctly remember our rude home of that severe winter, built of brush placed on end in the form of an Indian teepee, and covered on the outside with hides or whatever could be obtained. Many stock perished and some human beings succumbed to the severity of that winter. My parents returned the following spring to Farmington, Davis County, where they dwelt until the fall of 1861, when they moved to Logan, Cache County. Here the first winter was spent in a one-roomed log house, and my bedroom was a wagon box at the end of the house.

It was a bitter cold winter, and snow fell to the depth of three feet on the level. The severity of those early winters will never be forgotten, and the Lord has greatly tempered the elements since then. I could little appreciate at that time the great struggle my parents were making for their religion and the difficulties they encountered in trying to procure a livelihood for themselves and family from occupations entirely new to them. School facilities were strictly in keeping with our new homes, primitive in every respect. I was enabled to read

and write by the time I was thirteen years of age, my principal text-book being the elementary spelling book.

I was early led to believe the religious faith of my parents was right, and I sought the Lord earnestly to give me a personal testimony. I was rewarded in numerous ways, and so distinct have been the answers to my prayers, and so miraculous my deliverance from immediate death, that I could not doubt the existence of a God and His immediate care over His children. At the age of fifteen I was ordained an Elder and sent to Southern Utah, in the company of three others who had charge of a co-operative sheep herd. The winter of 1868-9 was spent on the desert, where it became necessary to guard night and day to protect the property entrusted to our care from ferocious wolves, which at that time swarmed the desert. Returning home in the spring, I saw for the first time in my life a railroad, which we crossed at Ogden, the U. P. having just reached that point. Those who have had a similar experience can imagine my feelings at the first sight of such wonderful mechanical skill. My interest in the locomotive has never waned, though it has become so common. My labors were now turned to the canyons, where I learned to operate a saw-mill owned by my father and others.

It was at this mill that my life was miraculously saved in the following manner: It was in the fall of the year, and quite cold. To prevent the mill race from bursting from frost during the night, we were in the habit of turning the water out by closing the gates at the head of the race, and to draw off all the water, we would open the gates of the Leffel water wheel which an the mill. After carefully attending

to the duties I retired for the night. Early the next morning I went as usual into the mill and threw off the gate lever, which I supposed had closed the wheel gates. I then went to the head gates and turned in the water and returned to the mill and took my accustomed position to file the circular saw, by placing my left leg over the saw frame and bringing my left thigh close up to the saw to prevent its springing while filing.

I had proceeded with my task but a few moments when an audible voice said to me:

"Get up."

I knew no other person was in the mill. Still I hesitated and looked around as if to see who was speaking to me. I made another stroke with my file, when I was aroused by the same voice in a louder tone and such a perceptible shaking of my body, as if some power had hold of me, that I was compelled to rise.

I had no sooner become disentangled from the saw teeth than it started at full speed. The wheel gates had frozen to the rim of the wheel, and had not closed as they should have done, thus causing the entire current to rush through the wheel; not until the water had thawed the ice from the gates would they close, but just as soon as they were released the wheel started at full speed. Had not the warning come to me as it did, my body would have been sawed asunder, as I was totally ignorant of the danger to which I was exposed. It was some time before I could return to my work, so great was the shock upon me, when I saw how miraculously I had been delivered from a shocking death.

At the age of eighteen my chances for schooling were improved, and I greatly appreciated them. I sought to use all

my otherwise unoccupied time in the effort to obtain information.

I was called to act as a High Councillor, prior to the Stake organization, and labored in other callings of the Priesthood.

In the winter of 1873-4 I attended the Deseret University, and studied under Dr. J. R. Park. The winter of 1874-5 I taught the first graded district school taught in Logan, and assisted in introducing that system, under the direction of Miss I. Cook, principal of city schools.

It was during these later years that I read carefully the Book of Mormon. Its contents so interested me that I became fascinated with it, and could not leave it for other books until I had completed it. I attribute much of my life's efforts to the examples set by such men as Nephi, Jacob, Benjamin, Abinadi and Mormon, whose characters greatly impressed me, and they seem now to have wielded as great an influence over my life as any I have read. I have received great profit from the reading of biographies of great and good men and women, yet in the lives of these I have named, there seemed to me to be such a harmonious blending of the spiritual and the temporal life that they stand as ideal men.

Oct. 4th, 1875, Caroline M. Carpenter was sealed to me by President Joseph F. Smith. Three months later I was called and set apart as Bishop of Paradise Ward under the hands of Brigham Young and Wm. B. Preston. This was no light task for me, as my father had for years been a Bishop, and many things which came under my observation at home impressed me unfavorably. I had looked upon that office of all others the most thankless. I was determined, however, to comply with the call, and in

January, 1876, I moved all my effects to my appointed home. I was most ably assisted by my young companion, who has ever encouraged me in all the labors of my life. Kind friends assisted me in my new duties, and during nine years of labor in that capacity I had many and varied experiences of great value to me. I learned to appreciate that high office as I never thought I could. I now firmly believe there is no office that will bring a person so closely in touch with the meek, humble and patient followers of Christ, nor that will bring greater respect from man and blessing from God.

At thirty-one years of age I was called and set apart as second counselor to President C. O. Card, of the Cache Stake of Zion, by Presidents John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff.

Up to this time I had never received a patriarchal blessing, and I felt impressed to get one. The person to whom I applied was not an observer of the Word of Wisdom, and I wondered if God would recognize him in this ordinance. I had not long to wait, for he had not proceeded far before he began to tell of things of the past known only to myself, and that I should travel much at home and abroad, and witness many trying events among the people, all of which has been verified. My calling required me to travel much among the people. I have been a witness of trying events, the last of which was the six years of bitter persecution, whose effects are still felt by hundreds of Saints.

In 1890 I was called and set apart as President of Cache Stake, by Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon and Lorenzo Snow, with Simpson M. Molen and Isaac Smith as counselors. If I have accomplished any good in these various callings, it has been by God's divine

aid and blessing, and to Him be given all praise.

The changes of the past have been rapid and important to me, and when memory sweeps them together and presents them to my view, condensed, they seem but a single, simple lesson. How well I have learned it must remain unknown until I meet the great Creator.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A RETROSPECT.

THE Wasatch range of mountains lying to the eastward of Salt Lake valley, on Sunday morning last stood out with remarkable distinctness. There was not a cloud to obscure them in any direction. They stood cold, snowclad from summit to base, and sublime in their awful majesty. In viewing them from my residence, they brought back to my mind, with great vividness, the feelings which I had in viewing them forty-eight years ago at this time of the year. At that time the houses in what was known as the Old Fort were so far completed that they were occupied by residents; but those who lived in the south and north forts had not completed their houses sufficiently for all to be under shelter. In those forts many were sleeping in wagons, and during the day they pushed the work as fast as possible to complete the houses so that they could be used. At the period of which we write there was not a tree to be seen from one end of the Salt Lake valley to the other, excepting little fringes of willows and some young birch on the margins of the streams that ran from the mountains to the valley. There was not a house in the wide expanse from the Warm Springs in the north to the point of the mountain at the south. Desolation reigned supreme. During the winter and spring

food had to be so carefully husbanded that in the great majority of households it was weighed or measured each week with great exactness, so that it should not be consumed before the harvest time. There was not a vegetable of any kind in the entire settlement. The only articles that had the appearance of vegetables that could be obtained were thistle roots and segos; and they were very scarce. The sole dependence for food was unbolted flour, from wheat ground in Brother Charles Crismon's little mill at the mouth of City Creek Canyon, and poor beef—so poor that one could not see a speck of grease on the water in which it was boiled, and it was slimy, as the flesh of poor, starved animals is, and very tasteless. It was hunger alone that made the stomach accept such beef.

Many would call those dark days. But, dark as they might appear in some eyes, the Latter-day Saints were exceedingly happy. None appeared depressed or gloomy, and murmuring was not heard. Everbody felt cheered and comforted. For had we not reached a place where we could rest in peace, without the fear of mobs and violence? This condition was one that was highly appreciated by all. Whatever deficiencies there were in food, clothing and shelter were made up by the peace that reigned. The people might be only partly fed, but they were healthy; they might be scantily clothed and poorly sheltered, but they were contented, and their trust in the Lord was unshaken; they were not harrassed by doubts or fears, and the Lord made the strength of the people equal to their day, and their hearts did not fail them.

Looking at the mountains in those days produced very different feelings to those which I had on Sunday morn-

ing last. Then they reared themselves as an impassable rampart between us and the rest of civilized mankind. It was true they and the great plains beyond might be traversed, snow covered as they were, but at what a cost of suffering and what a risk of life! The mountains were wonderfully grand; but they were also terrible. Unaccustomed to mountain scenery as the people were at that time, and in such peculiar circumstances, they were not in a mood to admire the majestic spectacle the mountains presented; they appeared to look frowningly down upon the little settlement.

But today how different! Here are the same mountains we looked at forty-eight years ago; here is the same sky; here is the same valley; but how changed the feelings with which we view them! No longer clothed with terror, they appear to the dweller in the valley sublime and picturesque; and in the summer season inviting, admirable and beautiful.

And what a contrast between the situation of the people then and now! I was deeply impressed with this; for I had just arisen from a bountifully supplied table, with everything that was necessary for the satisfying of the most fastidious appetite. I thought of our situation then—no cloth with which to make new clothes or to repair the old; no leather to even patch boots or shoes—I myself wore mocassins all that winter, and many others were in the same condition—and I contrasted our destitution with the comforts that now reign—food and clothing in abundance, well-warmed and comfortably furnished houses, and every physical want supplied.

I was so impressed with the feeling and with the remembrances of the past

that I had to call my children together and point out to them the mountains, describe to them the condition of the valley in 1847, and call to their attention what wonderful changes had taken place, and how God had blessed His people. I tried to impress them with feelings of thankfulness to our Great Creator for what He had done in fulfilling His promises which He had made to His servants, the Pioneers, who came to this valley, and also how much they ought to appreciate the faithful labors, the unflinching courage and the incessant toil which the Pioneers had exercised in laying the foundation of all that we now see around us—a valley filled with fruitful fields, bountiful orchards, pleasant and beautiful habitations, and all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life.

Ought not all the juveniles of our country to learn these lessons of thankfulness to God and appreciative gratitude to their fathers and mothers and the other faithful men and women who have contributed to bring about the happy condition of affairs which exists this day in Utah?

The Editor.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

II.

ANOTHER study of almost equal importance to that of the Gospel, as mentioned in the previous chapter, is that of composition. Every young Latter day Saint should study and practice to become a writer. He should at least be able to write his thoughts in a plain, intelligent manner. A person need not necessarily take a course in a college to become a fair writer. By careful reading and practice at home, one can improve himself to a great extent. A good practice is to write articles on the

principles of the Gospel, and might be carried on in connection with the study of the Gospel. This would prove a two-fold benefit. While it would afford one experience in composition, he would at the same time get the information he was seeking to acquire more lastingly impressed upon his mind.

A very good test of a person's thorough understanding of a subject is to write an original treatise upon it. And in studying the Gospel or anything else from books, the very best way to retain the ideas in the mind is to write them down. It is so easy to fall into careless habits in reading that a person can peruse a book and have his mind upon something else at the same time, and thereby derive very little if any benefit from his reading. But to write upon the subject he is reading about he must have his mind concentrated on what he reads.

If after once reading up a certain subject you are unable to write upon it, go over it again. The discovery that you are not familiar enough with it to write about it will make you careful in the second reading. When attempting to write, do not give up because ideas do not come into your mind readily in logical order. Get paper and pencil and make a start by earnest thinking. If suitable ideas to commence the treatise do not present themselves to your mind at first, write a memorandum of whatever is in your mind, provided your thoughts are upon some phase of the subject.

Your untrained way of thinking may cause your ideas to come to your mind in a somewhat confused order. But write them down and arrange them afterwards. If thoughts begin to crowd upon your mind, note them down as fast as possible in the simplest form. Do not stop to study out the best style

in which to clothe the thoughts or the flow of ideas may cease. The selection of words and phrases is somewhat foreign to the subject that should be uppermost in your mind, and may be attended to afterwards.

This method of composition may not be the one employed by experienced writers, who may have trained themselves in the art of thinking systematically, and whose long practice enables them to set down their ideas to suit them the first time they write, but it is here recommended to beginners, who may find that it is impossible to make any satisfactory progress in any other way. It might be supposed that an essay or a treatise constructed on such a plan would be disconnected and awkward. Yet all this can be remedied by reconstruction and re-writing. And the beginner need not feel discouraged in the least because he finds he has to write his thoughts over and over before they are suitable for presentation. Many noted authors have done this; indeed the very best authors re-write and modify their productions many times before they can satisfy themselves with them.

An excellent practice for one who desires to learn to present ideas in the most pleasing manner, that is one who desires to acquire literary ability, is to write verse. Either what is termed blank verse or poetry with rhyme as well as rhythm will serve the purpose. You may feel that you are not a born poet, and that it is useless to attempt to write poetry. But you will find that it is possible to compose rhythmical sentences, by giving the matter some study, and the practice will be found interesting, and will aid one in learning to express his ideas in the fewest and the choicest words.

Latter-day Saints are taught that they

should depend upon the promptings of the Holy Spirit when they rise in a public assembly to speak; and we believe that when men obey this injunction their remarks are dictated by the spirit of inspiration. There is ample testimony that this is the case, for persons who have been called upon to address the Saints have afterwards acknowledged that the principles they have been led to speak upon, have appeared to them in a clearer light when thus inspired than they did at any time before. Now there is no reason why a certain degree of inspiration should not attend a person when writing as well as when speaking; and that persons are so influenced, can be testified to by numerous writers. This of itself is a great inducement for one to practice writing upon the principles of the Gospel; for it is one way in which he can gain enlightenment for himself, and thus strengthen his faith and testimony; and by writing down his thoughts and impressions he may also be enabled to benefit others who may read them. A person may receive inspiration by earnest thought when he is neither speaking nor writing, but the act of writing helps him to concentrate his thoughts upon the theme, and bring his mind to a condition suitable for receiving inspiration, and by recording the mental impressions he receives they are preserved to him, while if he did not record them they might vanish.

It appears that divine inspiration is received only through earnest thought, and by being sought after; and this confirms the truism that the Lord helps those who help themselves. In other words, those who seek find, and those who ask receive. That this is a fact let me refer you to the word of the Lord Himself, as recorded in the Third

Book of Nephi, in the Book of Mormon. After imparting certain information to His Nephite disciples concerning the scattered house of Israel, he says: "And I command you that ye shall write these sayings, after I am gone, that if it so be that my people at Jerusalem, they who have seen me, and been with me in my ministry, do not ask the Father in my name, that they may receive a knowledge of you by the Holy Ghost, and also of the other tribes whom they knew not of, that these sayings which ye shall write, shall be kept, and shall be manifested unto the Gentiles, that through the fullness of the Gentiles, the remnant of their seed who shall be scattered forth upon the face of the earth, because of their unbelief, may be brought in, or may be brought to a knowledge of me, their Redeemer."

It is evident from the above quotation that the Savior did not reveal to His disciples at Jerusalem the information therein referred to, because they did not seek for it; and apprehending they would not after His departure ask the Father in His name for the knowledge or information, the Savior commanded His disciples on this continent to make a record of it, that it might be preserved. This shows unmistakably that the Lord does not reveal light to those who do not seek for it. And herein is His wisdom displayed; for it would be as well to cast pearls before swine as to impart wisdom or knowledge to one who did not appreciate it enough to make any effort to acquire it. This will apply to all truths revealed from heaven. Scientific truths are made known to those who seek for such knowledge, mechanical principles are discovered by those who study mechanism; while religious truths are revealed to those who seek them.

THE
Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

BICYCLE RIDING.

IN conversation the other day with some of the leading officers of the Church concerning the sin of fornication—there being some cases of this kind submitted to the First Presidency—the question was asked, "What reason is there for these cases occurring at this time? It is unusual to hear of three or four cases occurring in one city."

The reply was that there were two causes: one, the intimacy which had grown up among young people of both sexes in bicycle riding; and the other, the taking part in excursion and other parties at untimely hours of the night.

We are not disposed to reject improvements or inventions which contribute to human progress and development. In fact, we are fond of progress, in the right direction, and would not say one word that could be construed into viewing it with disfavor. But we have entertained fears concerning the effects which are likely to follow the adoption of the bicycle as a means of locomotion for girls; and that which we have heard from the settlement to which we refer confirms fears that we have entertained concerning this practice. Any fashion that begets too great familiarity between the sexes, especially when they are young and inexperienced, is one that should be guarded against. We have noticed that bicycle riding brings about a certain comradeship between young people that might, under some circumstances, lead to unfortunate re-

sults. Certainly the practice creates acquaintanceship and familiarity that, if it were not for the riding, would not be created; and sometimes this acquaintanceship is not desirable. Girls may be thrown into society by riding bicycles that they would not meet with under other circumstances, and would perhaps shun if it were in the ordinary intercourse of society.

On this account we have felt that parents and guardians should exercise the greatest of care in allowing their daughters or those in their charge to go out riding on bicycles unless properly attended. It has been a question in many minds whether bicycle riding may not lead to immodesty and be injurious in other directions.

There are many things that may be said favorable to the use of the bicycle. It furnishes exercise, it is a delightful method of getting over the ground swiftly, and is exhilarating. Exercise in the open air is good for all. The question remains, however, whether this kind of exercise for young ladies is conducive to health, and especially to good morals.

We mention these cases of wrongdoing to call the attention of parents and others to the fact that they are attributed to the associations which have arisen through bicycle riding.

LATE HOURS.

As to late hours and going to parties at untimely hours.

There can be no question in any thinking person's mind as to the effects which follow such practices; they are evil, it may be truthfully said, in every instance. No parents who have any regard for their children will permit them to be out late at night in promiscuous assemblages. Indulgence of

that kind towards children will inevitably lead to bad consequences and result in sorrow to the parents as well as to the offspring. Too much cannot be said against such practices, and all should be warned against them; for if permitted, and they are followed up, they are almost sure to bring shame and disgrace.

CONSECRATED OIL TO NON-MEMBERS.

We are asked, "Should consecrated oil be administered to non-members of the Church?"

We suppose the question is: Can this oil be administered properly to one not a member of the Church in the ordinance of laying on of hands for the healing of the sick?

No doubt, every Elder who has had much experience in the ministry has had occasion to administer the ordinance of laying on of hands for the restoration of the sick to persons who were not members of the Church; for there were people who had faith in that ordinance and who had not been baptized. The rule generally adopted by all Elders under such circumstances, as far as we understand, has been to require the sick person, before being administered to, to make a covenant that he or she would obey the ordinances of the Gospel, and upon this promise being made the Elders felt justified in administering the ordinance for the healing of the sick.

TITHING AND CONSECRATION.

In a Sunday school theological class the question arose, so a correspondent informs us, as to whether, when the law of consecration is established among the people, the law of tithing will be observed by them. Our friend says there are some members of the class who

think it will, while others of the class think it will not, as they look upon tithing as the lesser law, and that it will be swallowed up in the law of consecration.

While it is true that tithing is what may be called a lesser law than consecration, still whenever consecration comes into operation there will undoubtedly be a necessity for the existence of some fund that will be set apart for the uses to which tithing is now devoted; not for the sustaining of the poor, because if the law of consecration be practically carried out, the necessity for administering to the poor as we now do will be obviated; but for other purposes of a public character, such as public works of various kinds. Of course, at this time it is difficult to tell what conditions may arise when consecration is practiced, and whenever that happy period shall arrive the Lord will then give revelations to the living oracles, as he does now, in relation to all these matters. It is not easy to foreshadow what changes will take place and how business of this kind will be conducted, as the necessity for this knowledge has not at present arisen.

SABBATH BREAKING.

Another practice to which attention ought to be called in this connection, is the disregard of the Sabbath by our young people during these wintry days. Scores of boys with their sleds are found lining all the streets where coasting can be had, on the Sabbath day, careering down the hills, shouting and laughing, and disturbing the stillness of the day.

If these boys are the sons of Latter-day Saints, it is a disgrace to this, the chief city of Zion. It is scarcely reasonable to suppose that they are all children of non-Mormons; they are too

numerous in given localities for one to suppose they are of that class. If their parents be Latter-day Saints, what kind of members of the Church are they? With what contempt they treat the word of God and the commands which He has give to this Church! And what can they think will be the future of their sons who are thus permitted to break the Sabbath day and to treat it with utter disrespect?

Parents should be warned by the experience of all generations on this point. Children who are permitted to grow up in this manner, without restraint, and left to flagrantly break a command of God, so publicly and so defiantly, are sure, unless they repent, to bring sorrow to themselves and to their parents.

The duty of teachers in the wards is to see that such violations of the law of God are checked, and that all children and their parents should be taught to set examples that correspond with the professions which they make, or be dealt with on their fellowship; for no Latter-day Saint, who understands the principles of his religion, can fellowship either young or old who thus break the laws of God as well as the laws of good society.

EARLY MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 595, VOL. 30.)

AFTER the public debates had terminated so much to our advantage, I became very desirous of getting to the new field of labor to which I had been appointed several months previous, but had not been able to visit, on account of my arrest by the police in Christiania. I had been sentenced to pay a fine, but as I had no money, the next thing, according to their law, was to

make execution on my property, which was not exempt by law, but as I had nothing which could be seized, I knew that I would have to expiate my offense by imprisonment on bread and water; yet it seemed that the authorities were in no hurry about it. I called at the sheriff's office several times, asking him to accommodate me as soon as convenient with a place in his prison, so that I could then get away from that city. The officials seemed rather astonished at such a request on my part, as other offenders against their laws always tried to keep out of prison as long as possible; but finally, after several efforts, I got permission to go to jail on the 20th of March, 1855, there to be confined for five days on a bread and water diet exclusively.

At the appointed day, towards evening, Brother Dahle took me in his fine sleigh to the sheriff, a Mr. Hjort, his premises being some four miles from Christiania proper. I was provided with good bedding, and also books and stationery, and a few other commodities, but had honestly refrained from taking any eatables along, as I knew that was not allowed, and I would not run the risk of being found smuggling by the jailor.

He seemed, however, to have so much confidence in me that he believed what I said, or else he did not care to search me very closely, for he simply asked me if I had any eatables with me, and as I said no, he only once moved his hand very carelessly down my body.

I found my new place of confinement a clean room, with a bed and straw-tick for sleeping, and a stove to keep me warm. A girl soon brought some fuel. When she saw me, she seemed much astonished and burst into tears, for she said she had been to our meetings and

had felt impressed that we had the truth; as she now found me in prison on account of my religion she was grieved. The next day, she again brought fuel for my stove, and she also several times brought me some white bread, a little butter and meat.

When I regained my freedom I found two of the brethren waiting for me with a fine sleigh and horses, and thus I was carried almost in triumph even with the good wishes of the sheriff, to the society of the Saints, where I had the privilege to preach that same evening.

The following day I went to the police office and obtained my passport without any further difficulty. I made preparations to start as soon as possible for Mandal.

Being now in possession of my passport, I was less afraid of interference, and therefore took an active part in several meetings during the following days. We held a meeting on the evening of the twenty-seventh of the same month, in one of the suburbs of the capital. In that meeting we were disturbed by a priest, who by his misrepresentations of our doctrines and false statements about the Saints in Utah created quite an excitement and hostile feeling towards us, which developed into a mob, that threatened us with violence. The resident brethren who were present tried to shield us, by forming a cordon around us, when the meeting broke up, and thus they received many of the blows that were intended for the missionaries. The disturbing priest, however, left the scene, with his blessings upon the mob, caring nothing for our fate.

President Petersen and Elder Dorius succeeded in getting out a little ahead of me, and as they reached the street, they ran, but were followed by the mob

for some distance, occasionally receiving a snow-ball or a lump of ice in their backs from their howling pursuers, but did not receive any serious harm.

I had in the general confusion and the darkness, been separated from the rest of the brethren and was thus alone wending my way towards my lodgings, when I was unexpectedly met and recognized by the mob, who were returning from their pursuit of the other Elders. The moon was now shining brightly and there could be no thought of escape at this stage of proceedings, so I assumed a bold front and, before they had decided what to do, I addressed them in this way: "Gentlemen, here I am. What have I done to harm you? If my religion is wrong and yours is right, then I don't think you are taking the right course to convince me of my errors; and if your faith is better than mine, then show it forth in a peaceable manner!" This had the desired effect, for one of their number, immediately said to his companions in a loud voice: "That is true, what the fellow has said—let us go home."

Another one said, "Why yes, let him go in peace," and thus I was left unmolested.

I mention this little incident, not as an heroic act on my part, but only to show, that in some cases a little courage is of more advantage than fear, especially when courage is founded upon confidence in God, as the able deliverer out of dangers or difficulties.

After having received many substantial evidences of the love and affection in which I was held by the Saints in Christiania, I set out on my journey, in the morning of the 29th of March. President C. Petersen and C. Dorius and several other brethren accompanying me several miles on the way. Such

pure love! oh how sweet and heavenly, even to contemplate at this day, after forty years have passed! It must be experienced to be realized, as only such circumstances and surroundings can make brethren do.

It was yet winter, and snow was on the ground. I therefore had my few necessary clothes in a carpet bag fastened to a small sleigh, such as our boys use for coasting. On this I could occasionally ride down hill, as the roads are almost continually up and down through a mountainous country like Norway, but many times this was a very dangerous ride on account of occasional dangerous precipices on the one side of the dugways, and the hard frozen, icy roads, that gave me no chance to guide the sleigh for miles in its lightning speed. Sometimes I would suddenly get to a piece of bare ground in my descent, and the sudden stop would then send me headlong into a crusty snow drift or the mud. In fact, that journey was the most laborious trip, I have performed in all my life.

When I had traveled about twenty miles in that way, I was met by Brother Amund Dahle, who had come out from Drammen to meet me with his horse and sleigh, and thus I arrived in his hospitable home, where I had the pleasure also of meeting with Elder F. Dorius later in the evening.

I remained in this branch several days, assisting Elder Dorius in holding meetings, and also to recruit my bodily strength for the succeeding days of arduous traveling.

On the 3rd of April I again started on my journey, and Brother A. Dahle again kindly took me in his sleigh about fifteen miles on my way that day. The following day I reached the city of Laurvig, where I unexpectedly met a

friend and fellow-apprentice from Copenhagen, and on the 5th of April I reached the small city, Brevig, where there was a branch of the Church, in fact the oldest branch in Norway, but then almost depopulated by emigration and apostasy. I had that day lost my way, and, to reach my destination, had ventured out on the ice of the deep fjord or bay, but had thereby exposed myself to much danger, as the ice was flooded with snow-water, in some cases knee-deep, and withal very unreliable at that time.

C. C. A. Christensen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHURCH SCHOOL PAPER.--SERIES II., NO. 3.

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF
EDUCATION, JAN. 1st, 1896.

To all Boards of Education, faculties, students, patrons and friends of our Church schools: A happy New Year and the Lord's blessings upon your labors.

Correction.—In No. 2, II Series, Church School Papers, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, November 15th page 596, the Stake Superintendent of Sunday Schools, Geo. W. Lewis, was recorded, by mistake, as Principal of the Maricopa Stake Academy, at Mesa City. It should read: James L. Patterson, Principal.

General Superintendent's visits.—Elder Geo. Goddard and myself, arrived according to previous appointment, at Richfield, Sevier Stake, Friday, November 29th. By kind invitation of the County Teachers' Institute, then in session, I had the honor of addressing the teachers in the afternoon, and to give a public lecture at the Assembly Hall, at 7.30 p. m., on Home Education.

At a meeting of the Sevier Stake

Board of Education, held at President Seegmiller's office, Sunday, December 1st, at 4 p.m., it was unanimously decided to re-open the Stake Academy at the beginning of next school year; also, that preparatory to this step, the religion classes (under the superintendency of Elder J. Magleby), should receive careful attention. Several Bishops, members of the Board, expressed themselves in the warmest terms in favor of the movement.

Elder Geo. Goddard and myself addressed a large meeting of the Saints of Richfield that same evening, on the subjects of religion classes, Sunday schools, and home education.

By special request of Bishop Jensen, we both addressed a large congregation of citizens of all classes at the Salina meeting-house, Monday, Dec. 2, at 7:30 p.m. The necessity of all true education having a religious foundation, constituted the subject of our addresses, which were warmly endorsed by presiding Bishop Preston, who was present at the occasion.

In response to requests made by President Canute Peterson, I filled a series of appointments through Sanpete Stake in the interest of our church school system. A commencement of that labor was made at Gunnison, on Tuesday, December 3rd, at 3 p.m. with a religious class exercise in the presence of Bishop Madsen and the instructor, Albert Tollestrup. The religion class at Gunnison is fully organized in good working order, and promises to become, under the new plan, a strong supporter to a righteous home education.

Manti, Wednesday, December 4th, at 7:30 p.m. The South Ward meeting-house was filled by an appreciative audience to listen to my explanations of

the modes and purposes of religion classes. These remarks were illustrated by a class exercise with some children selected for that purpose. Stake Counselor J. B. Maiben endorsed in fitting terms what had been said and done.

Ephraim, Thursday, Dec. 5th, at 11 a.m., a meeting of the Sanpete Stake Board of education was held at President Peterson's residence. This board decided to avail itself of the permission of the General Board of Education, and conduct the Stake Academy, commencing with the beginning of the next school year, on the high school plan. To this end it was found necessary that a suitable building should be provided, and, therefore that steps be taken at once to secure grounds, plans, and material, so that work could begin without delay. The subject of religion classes received much earnest consideration and it was decided to have them carried on throughout the stake wherever possible.

By request of some members of the board I conducted in their presence a religion class exercise at the academy during the afternoon session with some students selected for the purpose. This exercise strengthened the board in its determination to make the religion class movement a success in Sanpete Stake.

Friday Dec. 6th. I attended the exercises at the Stake Academy during the fore and afternoon; addressed the students at the close and met with the faculty at 4 p.m.. The exercises, plan, discipline, spirit, and general efficiency of the students reflect much credit upon Principal Newton E. Noyes, his chief assistant, John Peterson and their co-laborers.

The polysophical Society of the Sanpete Stake Academy is holding its regu-

lar session every Friday evening; the house at these times is always crowded. Speakers from far and near, from time to time, favor that society with interesting lectures. Vocal and instrumental performances, essays and recitations form the balance of the program.

On this occasion it was my turn to give them a lecture for the subject of which I chose: "Revelation versus Evolution."

Saturday, Dec. 7th. I addressed a large congregation at the Spring City meeting house at 7:30 p.m., and illustrated my remarks on religion classes by a class exercise with a few children selected by their teacher, Brother Allred, for that purpose. To judge from the expressions made by the people after the meeting, religion classes will have a strong hold in Spring City.

Sunday, Dec. 8. After having attended, as usual, Sunday school in the forenoon, my discourse in the afternoon meeting on the subject of religion classes was also interspersed with class exercises, as was done in other places and with similar results.

Moroni, 7:30 p.m. A large congregation at the meeting house listened to my discourse on religion classes, illustrated by a class exercise, with great attention; and the success of that movement seems to be secured in that locality, also under the blessings of the Lord.

Nephi, Monday, Dec. 9th. Attended the exercises of the Juab Stake Academy from 10:30 a.m. to noon. Principal John T. Miller, is an efficient and devoted educator and deserves to be sustained and encouraged by the authorities and people of Juab Stake. The board found it expedient to discontinue the primary grade, for this year, thus leaving the principal alone with the more advanced students. Building and

grounds are well adapted for educational purposes, and their arrangement and fitting up reflect much credit upon President Paxman, his associates in the Board, and the patrons of the school generally.

An informal board meeting was held at 12:30 p.m. at which the financial condition of the academy and a pending appointment for me to make a circuit through the stake in the educational interest, formed the chief topics.

Correspondence.—By report from Elder Reinhard Maeser, Stake Superintendent of religion classes of Beaver Stake, we learn that it is the desire of the stake authorities to make earnest efforts for the re-opening of that Stake Academy at the beginning of next school year. As a preparatory step toward it, Elder R. Maeser has opened a private school for higher branches in the academy building, and feels much encouraged by the outlook.

The stake academies of Weber, Bear Lake, and Oneida, are reported in a flourishing condition.

The St. Joseph Stake Academy, Thatcher, Arizona, has been obliged to close its session temporarily, on account of diphtheria prevailing in that locality.

Communications from several other Church schools are now overdue. It is to be hoped, however, that they will have come in before this reminder reaches them.

By order of the General Board of Education.

Dr. Karl G. Maeser, Gen. Supt.

MANY people think of knowledge as of money. They would like knowledge, but cannot face the perseverance and self-denial that go to the acquisition of it.

Our Little Folks.

A Short Sketch of Pine Valley.

PINE VALLEY is a small valley in the northern part of Washington County, and contains an area of about eight square miles. It lies on the rim of the Great Basin, and is surrounded by high mountains, the highest of which is about 12,000 feet, or about the same height as Mounts Nebo and Baldy. Pine Valley has an elevation of about 5,200 feet above the sea level.

Its mountain scenery is beautiful.

The narrow, rocky canyons, lined with evergreens, and in summer abounding in many wild berries and beautiful flowers, and the cool, refreshing springs bursting from rocks in the mountain sides, all tend to give it the appearance of loveliness.

In autumn, when the hills and mountains are tinged with purple and gold, a more beautiful scene than is here presented can scarcely be imagined.

The altitude being so high, the climate is very cold and severe in winter, but cool and pleasant in summer. In winter the snow falls very deep, the average depth being from two and a half to three feet. In the mountains it is sometimes from six to eight feet deep.

The Pine Valley creek is fed by the snows from the mountains and is the head of the Santa Clara creek. It abounds in mountain trout, which are fished out by the hundreds during the summer months.

Owing to the delightful climate in summer, and the picturesque surroundings, Pine Valley has become a favorite summer resort for many people from St. George, where the climate is so hot,

especially during the months of July and August.

Agriculture, stock-raising, and lumbering are the chief industries of the people.

The farm products are wheat, barley, oats and vegetables. Very little fruit is raised, except apples, currants, and gooseberries. In the summer the mountains are covered with a luxuriant grass, which affords excellent pasturage for cattle.

The mountains abound in the finest timber, and lumbering has been one of the main sources of wealth to the people.

The valley was discovered by some cattle men about the year 1856. They found it to be rich in timber, and soon after three men, Isaac Riddle, Elias Blackburn, and Robert Richie by name came here with their families and put up a saw-mill, intending to furnish lumber for the surrounding settlements.

Other families followed and soon a town sprang up in this little valley among the mountains. In the summer of 1865 the town site was laid off by Bishop Robert Gardner, under the direction of Apostle Erastus Snow, who was at that time president of the southern mission.

When first settled it was thought to be too cold to raise anything, but as people began to cultivate gardens for their own use, they soon found that the climate was favorable, and the soil yielding abundant crops to the gardener, and so began farming, which has proven a success to the people.

At first water was very scarce, but by the hand of Providence it has gradually increased until now there is about three times as much water as there was in the beginning. The average yield of grain is about twenty-five bushels to the acre.

The early settlers of Pine Valley

experienced some very hard times. In the spring of the year 1868, when the grain was growing nicely and everything seemed in a prosperous condition, a little cloud was seen between the earth and the sun, and as it came nearer to earth it was found to be a swarm of grasshoppers which came and lit on the beautiful fields of grain.

The people went out and fought them, but all to no purpose. They did not leave until they had cleared the fields of their wealth of grain. It wasn't so late in the spring but that the people went to work and planted corn in their desolate fields, and they lived principally on corn bread for the next year.

Some time before this there had been a flood, which swept away the house of a family living down in the gulch, as it was called, and drowned two children.

These are the most important events of interest connected with the history of Pine Valley. The town is now (1895) in a flourishing condition. The population is about 520.

Tillie Gardner. Age 17.

PINE VALLEY, WASHINGTON CO., UTAH.

PRIZES FOR 1896.

FOLLOWING is a list of prizes which we offer for work done by our young friends. We invite all to take part in the competition. All cannot receive prizes, but the practice they get by trying will be a help to them in their studies.

For Best Original Story, suitable for Our Little Folks' Department of the INSTRUCTOR, by boy or girl under fourteen years of age we offer as first prize, leather, gilt L. D. S. Hymn Book. Second prize, Deseret Sunday School Song Book.

For Best Original Story, suitable for Our Little Folks' Department of the

INSTRUCTOR by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen years of age, first prize, leather bound large print Book of Mormon; second prize, cloth bound, large print Book of Mormon.

For Best Lead Pencil Drawing, by boy or girl under fourteen years, subject to be chosen by competitor, first prize, copy of "First Book of Nature;" second prize copy of "The Martyrs."

For Best Lead Pencil Drawing, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen, subject to be chosen by competitor, first prize, copy of "Gospel Philosophy;" second prize, copy of "The Hand of Providence."

For Best Map of Utah, drawn and colored, by boy or girl under fourteen, first prize, copy of "Life of Brigham Young;" second prize, copy of "City of the Saints."

For Best Map of United States, drawn and colored, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen, first prize, leather bound, large print Doctrine and Covenants; second prize, cloth bound, large print Doctrine and Covenants.

For Best Specimen of Penmanship, consisting of the Lord's Prayer, by boy or girl under fourteen, first prize, copy of Simple Bible Stories; second prize, copy of Book of Mormon Stories.

For Best Specimen of Penmanship, consisting of the Ten Commandments, by boy or girl between fourteen and eighteen, first prize, copy of "Forty Years Among the Indians;" second prize, copy of "From Kirtland to Salt Lake."

For Best Historical and Descriptive Sketch, competition open to all under twenty years of age. Each competitor in this class is expected to write an account of the valley in which he lives, stating when and by whom first settled, the principal items of interest connected

with its history since first colonized, description of its location and surroundings, the natural curiosities found in it, its population, its industries, etc. That our young friends will fully understand what we mean, we will explain that the competitors who live in Sanpete Valley, for example, will write a sketch of that valley, and its settlement, no matter what town they live in; those living in Utah Valley will write about Utah Valley, and so on. Where there are large valleys, as, for instance, Salt Lake Valley, those living in Salt Lake County should write about that part of it only, and those living in Davis County should write only about that one county. First prize, leather bound copy of Life of Heber C. Kimball; second prize, cloth bound copy of Life of Heber C. Kimball.

For Best Piece for Recitation, suitable for little child, either prose or poetry, competition open to all regardless of age, first prize, Morocco gilt copy of Life of John Taylor, second prize, leather bound copy of Life of John Taylor.

For Best Dialogue, suitable for children, competition open to all regardless of age, first prize, Morocco, gilt copy of Life of Joseph Smith; second prize, leather bound copy of Life of Joseph Smith.

For best story suitable for Our Little Folks Department of the INSTRUCTOR, competition open to all regardless of age, first prize, large print, Morocco gilt copy of Book of Mormon, second prize, large print leather copy of Book of Mormon.

All articles sent in for competition must reach us by June 1st, 1896. If manuscripts or drawings are to be returned stamps for return mail must be forwarded.

All stories, recitations or dialogues that are suitable will be published in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, whether awarded prizes or not.

PIECE FOR RECITATION.

Dear children, ninety years ago,
December twenty-third,
A little baby came to earth,
According to God's word.

A dainty, tiny little mite
That any child might lift;
Right glad that mamma was, we
think,
With this sweet Christmas gift.

They named him "Joseph," for you
see,
A prophet, long ago,
Had said that this must be his name,
And thus it happened so.

He grew a boy like other boys,
With tasks and sports and fun,
Fond of books and toys and games;
Thus was his life begun.

He grew up honest, pure, and true,
All God's commands he kept;
Nor did he fail to pray for aid,
Each night before he slept.

And so God loved him, and one day
With His Beloved Son,
Came down to earth in majesty
To see this favored one.

He chose him for the Prophet great
Of the last dispensation,
To warn the people to repent
In every land and nation.

He gave him power to organize
The Church of Christ on earth,
For darkness covered all the land
Ere this true Church had birth.

And he became the greatest man
Of these the latter days;
His name throughout the nations
known,
For either blame or praise.

This Prophet, righteous, true and
just,

By cruel men was slain;
Like other prophets, life did end
In bondage, tears and pain.

His work lives on, and he above
Still labors for the cause;
Teaching mankind the way to live,
And keep God's holy laws.

So let us live, that when we go
To Zion's golden shore,
With God, and Christ and Joseph,
too.

We'll meet to part no more.

Julia A. Macdonald.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

Treat Others As You Would Be Treated.

A CHORUS of ten or twelve voices was merrily ringing upon the keen, frosty air of a January morning as a dozen boys were swiftly gliding over the smooth, glassy surface of a small pond of ice. The rosy faces of the skaters, a moment ago beaming with pleasure, now bore an expression of annoyance as a bell was distinctly heard at the school-house, half a block away.

A murmur of disapproval at "having to go to school on such days as these, where there was so much fun one could have," arose from the boys as they instantly removed their skates.

"Well, we've had a good game of 'pomp,' anyway," was Mark Lee's comment as he pocketed his skates.

"It's worth the while playing when we aren't bothered with a herd of little ones," said Ben Page, a big boy of fifteen years.

"That's right. It was just about time to put them off when we had the whole pond alive with those 'kids' from the primary room," rejoined a sturdy fellow of fourteen winters whose size did not do justice to that age.

"I thought that it was more fun with the small boys on the ice. It took more skillful skating to dodge them as they flitted around," spoke up Harry Newman.

"Yes, and you *did* have to keep a-dodging. You could have eyes for no one but them, and the first thing you knew you were caught," was a protest from one of the group.

"They did interfere a little with the game, but it was a pleasure to see them so delighted. They tried to keep out of our way," responded Harry; "and I don't think that Mr. Hansen will like it, our sending them from the pond. It's as much theirs as ours."

"I am afraid of the same thing," came from several boys.

"I don't propose to have him meddling with our affairs," answered Tom Mason.

As the boys became interested in this discussion, they were slowly walking in the direction of the school house, thus omitting their usual race. In consequence of this, the school session had begun when the skaters entered the building.

Although Mr. Hansen was well aware of the cause of their tardiness, he remained silent upon the subject until just before dismissal for recess.

"This morning, the same as on several other occasions, a number of our pupils were late for school. The cause of their tardiness is one that can be easily remedied. My desire is not to deprive the boys of their pleasure, but punctuality must be enforced. In the future I shall ring one bell at five minutes to nine and another at nine o'clock. At the first call all skating and sports are to be discontinued and the preparations for entering the house begun; the second bell calls school."

As this was said, nods of approval were given, and expressions of relief stole over the faces of the tardy party.

"But," the teacher continued, "I have been informed that a misdemeanor on the part of the larger boys has been committed, one in which the rights of the small pupils have been ignored. I understand that the older ones have taken it upon themselves to prohibit the smaller ones from skating on the ice. This can not be. The younger boys attending this school should and shall have the same privilege as the older members. Hereafter the pond is open to all pupils."

This had been expected by some, but the fact did not lessen the feeling of disapproval among the "big set." Glances were interchanged which plainly showed their disgust. But Mr. Hansen had not yet spoken of punishment.

"As some of the boys from my department have deprived those of the primary grade from skating this morning, I am justified in withholding the same privilege from the guilty ones. None who skated on the pond before school will do so at recess."

School was then dismissed for twenty minutes' recreation.

Some eagerly ran for the ice, while Mark Lee and his companions tried a game of snowball. But for some reason snowballing was not any fun that morning. The game was broken up, and the players collected to discuss the affair of the day.

"I'll tell you, boys, don't let's go on the ice anyway, just to show Mr. Hansen that we mean what we say; we won't skate with the youngsters," said Ben Page.

"That won't do any good." "We'll only spite ourselves." "Mr. Hansen won't care," were the remarks of several.

Mark, who had been standing in a position denoting indifference, now brightened up as a new idea presented itself in his mind.

"I have it, boys," he began. "Skating won't last much longer. Pa said this very morning that we would have another snow before long, and then it's good-by to good skating for a while. Bob Dunstan, one of the fellows from Brantwood, says that they have fine ice—there's a whole field of it. The boys form in crowds and skate nearly all night. Now, what I propose to do is for us to get up a crowd and go over there in a 'bob-sleigh.'"

This met with approval from a number, but others were dubious. They knew that it would be difficult to obtain their parents' consent to such a project. But after a few moments' urging from the enthusiasts, all difficulty seemed to vanish and the boys became absorbed in the arrangement of their plans. With two span of horses, of which Harry and Ben were the happy owners, hitched to a large sleigh belonging to Tom Mason's father, the youths were to be drawn to the field of ice near Brantwood. They felt confident of enjoying themselves on such ice and in such company, for the big boys of the neighboring village were sure to be there.

It was with somewhat of a look of defiance that the boys took their seats at the ringing of the bell.

"We must let Mr. Hansen know of our scheme, so that he can find out that we boys have some independence," whispered Tom to his seatmate.

The revelation of the plan came in a way not in accordance with the feeling of pride that the boys entertained. During the remainder of the day much whispering and note-writing was indulged in by the plotters. The teacher's

quick eyes did not pass this by unheeded; for among the names of pupils required to remain after school were several of our acquaintances.

After attending to a number of culprits, Mr. Hansen advanced to these boys.

"I regret that it is a necessity for me to detain you on account of disturbing the school. Being the largest pupils, your conduct is taken by the younger ones as an example for them to follow. In the future I hope that it will be more worthy of imitation. Having noticed the passing of notes and the unusual whispering among you, I concluded that you have some plan on the tapis." Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he continued, "If it be something that I can help you with, I shall be willing to do so."

This was something that the boys had not looked for. After the abashment of a moment in which all their defiance fled, one of them answered.

"We were just getting up a skating party to go over to Brantwood tonight."

"Because we cannot have any fun skating here any more," piped up one boy whose courage had not entirely deserted him.

With this they were dismissed. Once outside the building a hurried consultation ensued during which all final arrangements were made. Then another topic for comment presented itself.

"We may have a good time, but part of our purpose in going is defeated. Who would have thought that Mr. Hansen would view things in that light?" Tom remarked as he reached for a pocket in which to stow a book.

"The idea of his asking if he could help us when we were really doing this to show him our independence, is strange," said Ben, who was now danc-

ing up and down to keep his blood in rapid circulation. "I felt rather silly when he appeared so kind—but I will have to go now; because pa will have me do just so many chores whether I go sleigh-riding, skating or stay at home."

In a moment the crowd had dispersed; boys were seen going in various directions at a rapid rate.

About dusk that evening a large sleigh containing the boys snugly wrapped in quilts and furs was drawn by four horses over the road leading to the adjacent town of Brantwood.

At various intervals as some gay song burst forth from the boys' lips, their merry voices sweetly chimed with the bells kept in a lively tune by the rapid movement of the steeds; for Ben, who was driver, maintained a lively pace through the journey.

When their journey's end was reached, every one was merry, light-hearted and gay as he alighted, gave a stretch and assisted in tying or covering the horses. No cloud had yet arisen above their horizon.

As the ice was reached every boy instantly drooped on one knee and began putting on his skates. While engaged in this process, Bob Dunstan, who had been recognized by several as one of the skaters, followed by half a dozen others approached the newcomers.

"Why they're the fellows from Scranton!" exclaimed a skater whose vision had now become plain enough to recognize to visitors.

"Well we don't want 'em here," remarked another approacher.

"Hello, kids! What are you doing here?" was Bob's salutation.

"We've come to skate, replied Ben, being better acquainted with young Dunstan than were his [Ben's] companions.

"If, you get our permission, which I must add can't be given," laughed one of the fellows on the other side.

"What! do you intend not to let us skate?" Mark asked.

"That's it exactly."

The intruders, as, it seems, they appeared to the eyes of the Brantwood boys, looked aghast. The thought that they would not be welcomed or at least be allowed to partake of the fun had not entered their minds. It came as a complete surprise and not an agreeable one either.

"Awful sorry you don't want us, but we must have a skate. A fellow doesn't come all this way for nothing," rejoined Ben. "Come, boys," he added taking a stroke.

"I guess not," interposed the leader of the opponents. "We meant what we said, 'We don't want you.'"

"And I said what I meant, 'We want a skate.' This field doesn't belong to you, and we've a right here as well as you. We'll use our right, won't we, boys?" turning to his friends, Ben continued with warmth.

"Right! What right have you? We've used this ice all winter."

"It isn't much of a right either of us has. You've had the whole pond many a night, all we want tonight is part of it," argued Ben.

"Let them skate. They won't interfere much," one of the skaters, Bert Brown, muttered to his friend, as he kicked a chip of ice out with his skates.

"They may not bother us much, but that little is too much," responded their spokesman, who was determined to witness the banishment of the Scranton boys.

"You see that we got up a crowd to play 'sheeny' and chose the sides for the game. We played last night and the

side that 'got beat' wants to play again tonight, so we're going to play," explained Bert, who did not want to appear too mean in the eyes of the strangers.

"Now don't you see that you can't play," urged the leader.

"No, I don't."

"Well, we do. We've had our game interfered with by so many little ones before tonight that we made up our minds not to let any but 'our crowd' on the ice."

Ben and his companions saw that there would be serious trouble if they did not leave the disputed ground. After a final retort, they walked to their sleigh, untied their horses and turned their heads toward home.

The feeling of disappointment at not being able to enjoy the anticipated pleasure and the sense of humiliation at being treated as inferiors by boys only a year or two their seniors was pain enough, but a sense of remorse was felt by all. Now the boys were in a position to interpret the feelings of the little urchins who had been treated in a like manner at school that day.

Ben was the first to speak.

"I think," he began, "that's the meanest trick I ever heard of. I didn't think Bob would do such a thing."

"I know that it is mean, but I can think of another mean trick. Remember our sending those little ones away this morning."

A broken conversation was carried on during the remainder of the journey, but the riders were not the cheerful boys of a few hours ago. All mirth had died out. Their humiliation was complete on the following day when Mr. Hansen asked them if they had enjoyed themselves on the previous night at Brantwood.

C. L. H.

NIGHT SONG.

A Lullaby.

BY E. STEPHENS.

SOPRANO.
pp Soft-ly the distant vil - lage bell Tells how the hours are creep - ing,

ALTO.
pp Andante accentuato. Soft - ly the vil - lage bell Tells how the hours are sil - ent - ly creeping,

TENOR.
 Soft-ly the dist - ant village bell Tells how the hours are sil - ent - ly creeping,

BASS.
 creep - ing,

Out thro' the darkness its chiming swells, While my own loved ones are sleep - ing,

Soft - ly its chiming swells While my own loved ones are sleep - ing,

Out thro' the darkness its chiming swells While my own loved ones are sleep - ing,

p Ring - ing, ring - ing, *Cres.* May it ne'er waken them to weep,

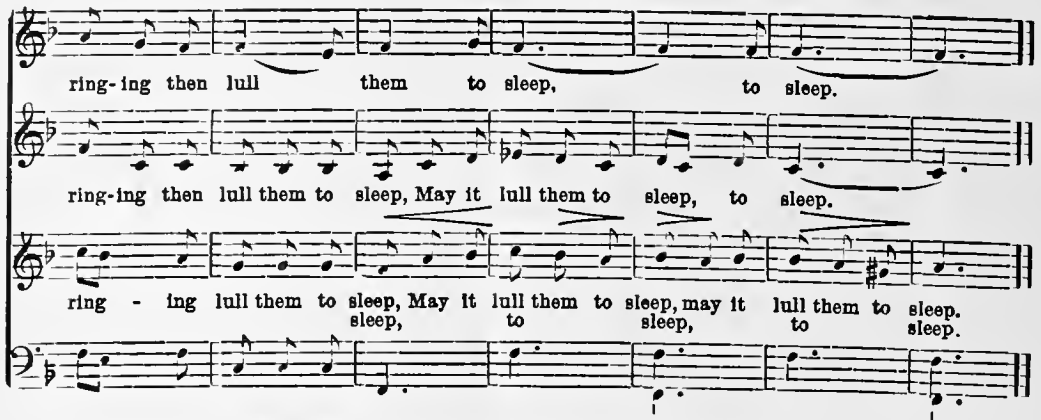
f May it ne'er wake them When joys for - sake them, Ne'er wake them to sigh or to weep,

f May it ne'er wake them When joys for - sake them, Ne'er wake them to sigh or to weep,

p Ring - ing, ring - ing, May it ev - er thus lull them to
Cres.
 But when their sleep-ing is turned to weep - ing, May it then lull them to
 But when their sleep-ing is turned to weep - ing, May it then lull them to
Cres. weep - ing, May its soft ring - ing
Dim.

p sleep, lull them to sleep, lull them to sleep, May its soft ring - ing
Cres.
 sleep, May its soft ring - ing lull them to sleep, May its soft ring - ing
 sleep, May its soft ring - ing lull them to sleep, May its soft ring - ing
 lull them to sleep, to sleep, May its soft ring - ing
Dim.

p lull them to sleep, lull them to sleep, lull them to sleep, May its soft
Cres.
 lull them to sleep, May its soft ring - ing lull them to sleep, May its soft
 lull them to sleep, May its soft ring - ing lull them to sleep, May its soft
 lull them to sleep, Then



A CASE OF HEALING.

DURING the time of the great persecution of the Saints because of their practice of plural marriage, there was considerable sickness in the Fourteenth Ward, where I resided. So many faithful brethren were absent that it was sometimes with great difficulty Elders were found to administer to the afflicted ones. Especially did it require effort to find brethren to visit those who had diphtheria, a disease which was quite prevalent at that time.

On the evening of January 15th, 1886, while a Sunday school party was in progress at the ward hall, the information came that Stella Beatie, a granddaughter of President Woodruff, was dangerously ill with a bad form of this terrible disease, and the request was made for some of the Elders to call and administer to her.

At Bishop Taylor's request I tried to find someone to accompany me to the home of the sick child, but a two hours fruitless effort resulted. Early in the morning, however, I was accompanied by Elder Joseph Hodgins, well known as the blind man of the Fourteenth Ward. We found the girl in a pitiable condition. We administered to her, and

she immediately commenced to recover, and was finally entirely healed, for which we felt to praise and give thanks to the Lord.

John P. Sorenson.

TRIBUTE TO JOSEPH SMITH.

(AIR: "AMERICA.")

GREAT Prophet, now to thee,
Savior of liberty,
To all mankind—
By God's divinest grace
Who met thee face to face,
And armed for grandest race,
Thy giant mind,

Now on thy natal day,
We meet to honor pay
Thy mem'ry dear.
With awe we speak thy name,
With joy thy deeds proclaim,
With pride we laud thy fame
From year to year.

Oh God, our thanks we give
That we, Thy children, live
In this great day,
When Thou the gospel light
Again hast brought in might.
Protect us in the fight,
Great God, we pray.

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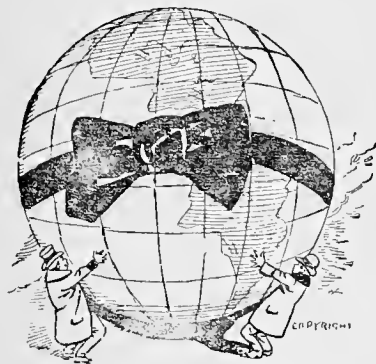
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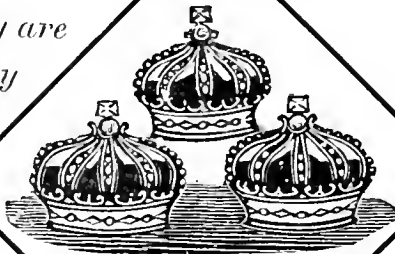
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